

was made flesh and dwelt among us ... full of grace and truth." (St John 1:14) How much we miss the reading of those glorious words of what we once called "the last Gospel" that was always heard at the end of the old fashioned Missal Mass. We look forward to hearing them again in our churches as part of the Christmas liturgy.

"The Word" — we have been thinking of it, meditating on its meaning as we stand daily at Hillspeak's altar, probing its significance as we contemplate the eternity of the peaceful mountains that

surround us.

To a large degree, Hillspeak's main ministry is now concentrated on the Word — or one might call it the Ministry of the Printed Word. The promise and prophecy of the Old Testament was made flesh in the person of Christ and, in scriptural acclamation, "dwelt among us." And the Word continues to dwell among us in quotations from the Bible, commentaries on it, articles, stories and books stemming from it. Hence our apostolate: the Ministry of the Word.

Here at Hillspeak, the modern expression of the Ministry of the Word streams in upon us with the daily mail bringing dozens of parish newsletters and diocesan newspapers from all over the world as well as new books from many publishers. Our blessed Lord in the

(Continued on page 46)

Cover: TAD's All Saints issue displays the season's traditional symbol, the crown, to mark several articles related to the ancient feast—foremost among them a profile of All Saints, Margaret Street, London, whose famous altar is seen on the front cover. One of the great sanctuaries of Anglicanism, it is unique for its long silk wall hangings originated by Sir Ninian Cowper to follow the changes of the liturgical year in coordination with the altar frontal. During the same year (1909, the 50th anniversary of the building's consecration) he also painted new figures for the golden-hued reredos, mounting them over the original panels dating from 1895. Another jubilee gift, the pulpit's carved crucifix, is from the Duke of Newcastle; 21 years later he gave the silver pyx suspended above the high altar. The pulpit's multi-colored inlaid marble on granite columns is characteristic of All Saints' ornate interior.

the anglican digest

A miscellary reflecting the words and work of the faithful throughout the Anglican Communion.

PEARL HARBOR PLUS FORTY

CANNOT recall a time that I did not know that my father, Colin P Kelly Jr, was a pilot shot down during the week of Pearl Harbor, the first graduate of the United States Military Academy to die in combat as my country entered World War II nearly 40 years ago.

It was years later before I could understand President Roosevelt's phrase "a day that will live in infamy." Certainly it is a day that always lives for me when I, as an Episcopal priest, remember my

father at God's altar.

The crash occurred on Tuesday or Wednesday, 9 or 10 Dec 1941, according to which side of the international dateline you are figuring it — but, in any case, hardly 48 hours after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

Named for his father, my father grew up in Madison, Fla, a countyseat near Tallahassee, and entered West Point in 1933. He and my mother, Marion, were married after his graduation from the Point in 1937. I was born at March (Army) Air Force Base, Riverside, Calif, 6 May 1940, their only child. Following several US postings, we were living in Hawaii as the year 1941 drew to a close. My father went on to Australia (he led a flight of B-14s from there to the Philippines) and it was during those weeks that he wrote my mother that he thought we should return to the US main-

land. She and I left Hawaii on one of the last civilian ships to sail before the outbreak of war. We stayed with an uncle in Hollywood who worked for Paramount Pictures.

In the first days of the war my father, by then a captain, bombed what may have been the battleship Ashigara but it was certainly a ship of the Haruna class. You don't stick around after you've bombed a heavy warship; he was returning to his base but was pursued by Japanese Zeroes and shot down. A man has recently come forward in Japan claiming to be the pilot who shot down Captain Kelly.

The events of the war's first blazing week are already in the history books. What happened in my own family is not necessarily the stuff of history nor of tragedy for we were and always have been proud of father's singular historic sacrifice. The difference was that my mother and grandparents knew almost immediately of his death; they did not have to wait for a government telegram. Neither then not now did we like the words "instant hero" but that is what he was proclaimed to be as well as a patriotic symbol and uneasy reminder of what was going to be demanded of many as the war progressed. [Captain Kelly was posthumously awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, the highest award the Army or Air Force can give.]

Most people in my parents' generation or a bit older or younger seem readily to remember being deeply touched by what President Roosevelt did for the infant son of the young pilot killed in the Pacific. It was one of the first actions of FDR as the wartime president, a special White House ceremony in which he personally signed the papers appointing me to the Academy.

So that was something else I grew up with — not only the knowledge of my father's heroism but also the assurance that I could go to West Point. I chose to qualify on my own — and, luckily, I made it.

The influence of his life and death on my priestly vocation may also be significant. It is hard to pinpoint when speaking of a man I did not personally know. In any case — in clericals and in uniform— much of my interest has been in counseling. I am grateful

FR JAMES B. SIMPSON, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR FR H. L. FOLAND, FOUNDER (1958-1980)

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that my family handled so well what might have been an intrusive, morbid shadow across my life.

I have before me the photograph of young Colin Kelly with the dark-eyed chiseled features of a 25-year-old uniformed pilot briefly in the headlines in those anxious, long ago days just after Pearl Harbor.

Because of that familiar photograph, my father has always remained a young man to me although he would now be 65. His is a name that we have passed on to our son, a name that is, I suppose, at least a footnote to history!—LtCol Colin P Kelly III (Chaplain US Army), as told to Fr James B Simpson



NEW SAINTS GO MARCHING IN



NEW BATCH of Anglican saints - the first for more than 300 years took their places in the revised edition

of the Church of England prayer

book published last fall.

William Wilberforce, leader of the fight against slavery; Josephine Butler, guardian of fallen women; John and Charles Wesley, the Methodists who were banned from every pulpit in England: all admitted to the company of the Church's lesser saints.

No new saints had been approved since the 1662 prayer book was published and its most modern saint until this year was Francis of Assisi (1226). St Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, was around as long ago as 107

The time had come, churchmen decided, to show that sanctity had not died in the Middle Ages.

Although Roman Catholic saints are canonized, the English democratically elect them. Criteria are less exacting since miracles are not required.

It is, says the Very Rev Ronald Jasper, Dean of York, a fairly subjective matter. To reach the

final roll call a nominee has to receive the approval of the Liturgical Commission, the General Synod and the House of Bishops. The most likely looking candidates may fall by the wayside.

"Even Florence Nightingale eventually bit the dust and two other ladies were considered not quite suitable after very close investigation," a Church spokesman said.

Josephine Baker, the mother of two and rehabilitater of 19th century prostitutes, only reached the final list with the help of the House of Bishops who reinstated her after the Synod had thrown her out.

Nothing to do with the fallen women, according to the official version, just a case of the saintly calendar becoming a bit crowded and feeling that she would get another chance in 20 or 30 years.

Dean Jasper emphasizes that failure is not necessarily a sign that one is less saintly than another. It might be that someone has to be left out because too many saintly people were born on the same day.

If the competition is between a Roman Catholic and an Anglican, the Anglican will obviously have the edge, though the new list takes proper notice of the 20th century ecumenical spirit with the inclusion of Sir Thomas More who died for Catholicism and the Wesleys whose revivalist 'enthusiasm' once outraged the established Church.

Feminism, too, is catered to. One of the new saints is Julian of Norwich, the 15th century mystic who held the now fashionable notion that God is a woman.

The problems of saint making are considerable. It is thought important nowadays that a saint should actually have existed. Some saints created in the past are almost certainly mythical. St George presents a particular head-

ache.

"He is probably the diciest figure of all, but you can't really chuck him overboard because he is the patron saint of England," Dean Jasper says.

The position of those who have done great work for Church, but whose characters were far from exemplary, is also tricky. There is a strong lobby for the demotion of St Jerome who did a splendid job translating the scriptures but was, by some accounts, a nasty piece of work.

The point of the revision is "to reflect the continuing life of the Church and show that sainthood is not confined to particular centuries," says Dean Jasper.

Any bishop or any diocese can suggest at any time that it would like another name added. —Taddled from Observer, London

The only significance of life consists in helping establish the Kingdom of God; and this can be done only by means of the acknowledgement and profession of the truth by each one of us. —Leo Tolstoi (1828-1910)



Elections & Appointments:

Anselmo Carral-Solar, 40, II Bishop of Guatemala (since 1973): first executive director of the Episcopal Church Center for Hispanic Ministries, headquartered at Episcopal Theological Seminary of the Southwest, Austin, Diocese of Texas.

James Hamupanda Kauluma, Bishop Suffragan of Damaraland since 1978 and whose ministry, according to the Archbishop of Cape Town, has been "warmly received and widely supported by those who belong to the Church of . . . South Africa': Bishop of Namibia, succeeding Colin Winter who resigned because of ill health. William James Watson Rosevear, 58. born and educated in New Zealand and Lecturer of New Testament Studies at St John's College, Auckland, since 1965: Assistant Bishop of Wellington. John Paul Burrough, retired Bishop of Mashonaland: Rector of Eppingham, Rutland, and Assistant Bishop of Peterborough.

David John Farmbrough, 52, born and educated in the Diocese of St Albans in which all his ministry has been spent and of which he has been Archdeacon since 1974: Bishop of Bedford, Suffragan to St Albans.

Yustasi Ruhinidi, Bishop of Bunyoro-Kitara since 1972: Bishop of North Kigezi after Kigezi divided itself (both in the Province of Ugarda, Rwanda, Burundi and Boga-Zaire). Yonasani Rwakaikara, II Bishop of Ruwenzori (since 1972) succeeds to Bunyoro-Kitara. William Arthur Dimmick, 61, VI Bishop of Northern Michigan (1975-81), and Visitor to St Gregory's Abbey, the Benedictine community at Three Rivers, Mich, and Robert Patrick Varley, 59, VI Bishop of Nebraska (1972-75): Assistant Bishops of Minnesota.

Consecrations:

Whakahuihui Vercoe, Chaplain of Te Wai Pounamu College in the Diocese of Christchurch, New Zealand, since 1967: Bishop of Aotearoa, Suffragan to Waiapu, also in the Province of New Zealand.

Retirements & Resignations: In 1981: Douglas Ford, 64, VIII Bishop of Saskatoon (since 1970); Victor Whitsey, 64, translated from Hertford to Chester in 1974; Eric Matthias Roberts, 67, Bishop of St Davids, Wales, since 1971; Richard Fox Cartwright, 68, VI Bishop of Plymouth, Suffragan to Exeter, since 1972; John Brooke Mosley Jr, 65, VI Bishop of Delaware (Coadjutor 1953-55, Diocesan 1955-68), Bishop of the Convocation of American Churches in Europe (1968-70), president of Union Theological Seminary (1970-74) and Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania since 1974.

Honors:

David Sheppard, VI Bishop of Liverpool, and Derek Worlock, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool, Doctorates of Law from the University of Liverpool; Lloyd Gressle, VI Bishop of Bethlehem (Pa), Doctor of Humane Letters at Lehigh University's 113th commencement; Walter Jones, VII Bishop of South Dakota, Doctor of Divinity, and William Stevens, VI Bishop of Fond du Lac, Doctor of Canon Law, both from Nashotah House.



FACING THE WORLD

THE WORLD must see the Face of Jesus in us. In our external contacts with the world, we must be very sure that our face is showing

the Face of Christ. Not only are we the children of God: we must show our children the Face of God.

That involves two things, our worship and our work. Worth-ship (worship) is doing something worth while for God, loving Him, adoring Him. Lovers say the same things over and over and never tire of saying them; and after a while they say them without any words at all. So with our prayers: we begin by talking to God; after a while we don't have to say anything, but simply contemplate Him.

And our work should not be in a different compartment. We are the same persons when we are working and when we are kneeling before the Tabernacle. Both worship and work should be kept together. God has given us the marvelous privilege of doing just what His Son did. And He was tired sometimes, His disciples were a nuisance, sometimes the crowds were following Him just for lunches ("How long must I be with you?").

Christ is with us mystically and sacramentally in the Mass, in others, in ourselves. We must show Him forth to others, make Him known to others. If we make ourselves known to others, there is trouble; but if we make God known, if we show to others the Face of Christ, we are fulfilling our vocation. —Fr John R K Stieper, SSC, St Columba's, Hanover Park, Diocesta of Chicago.

Diocese of Chicago

WHERE ADVENTURE BEGINS



ERE IS the stuff of which fairy tales are made: the Prince and Princess on their wedding day. But fairy tales usually end at this point with the simple phrase: "They lived happily ever

after." This may be because fairy stories regard marriage as an anticlimax after the romance of court-

ship.

This is not the Christian view. Our faith sees the wedding day not as the place of arrival but the place where the adventure really begins.

There is an ancient Christian tradition that every bride and groom on their wedding day are regarded as a royal couple. To this day in the marriage ceremonies of the Eastern Orthodox Church crowns are held over the man and woman to express the conviction that as husband and wife they are Kings and Queens of Creation.

As it says of humankind in the Bible: "Thou crownedst him with glory and honor, and didst set him over the work of thy hands."

On a wedding day it is made clear that God does not intend us to be puppets but chooses to work through us, and especially through our marriages, to create the future of His world.

Marriage is first of all a new creation for the partners themselves. As husband and wife live out their vows, loving and cherishing one another, sharing life's splendors and miseries, achievements and setbacks, they will be transformed in the process. A good marriage is a life, as the poet Edwin Muir says: "Where each asks from each / What each most wants to give / And each awakes in each / What else would never be."

But any marriage which is turned in upon itself, in which the bride and groom simply gaze obsessively at one another, goes sour after a time

A marriage which really works is one which works for others. Marriage has both a private face and a public importance. If we solved all our economic problems and failed to build loving families, it would profit us nothing, because the family is the place where the future

is created good and full of love - or deformed.

Those who are married live happily ever after the wedding day if they persevere in the real adventure which is the royal task of creating each other and creating a more loving world.

That is true of every man and woman undertaking marriage. It must be specially true of this marriage in which are placed so

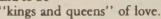
many hopes.

Much of the world is in the grip of hopelessness. Many people seem to have surrendered to fatalism about the so-called inevitability of life: cruelty, injustice, poverty, bigotry and war. Some have accepted a cynical view of marriage itself.

But all couples on their wedding day are "Royal Couples" and

stand for the truth that we help to

shape this
world, and are
not just its victims. All of us
are given the
power to make
the future more
in God's image
and to be



This is our prayer for Charles and Diana. May the burdens we lay on them be matched by the love with which we support them in the years to come. And however long they live may they always know that when they pledged themselves to each other before the altar of God they were surrounded and supported not by mere spectators but by the sincere affection and the active prayer of millions of friends.

Thanks be to God!



ABC'S FULL SUMMER AND FALL



T'S BEEN quite a summer with no autumnal relief in sight for the 102nd Archbishop of Canterbury.

The day after Robert Runcie returned to Lambeth from his US tour was marked by the attempted

assassination of the man with whom he'd begun a warm personal friendship a year earlier in Accra—the Pope. With the news came the need for a press statement and, as the Pontiff regains his strength, careful rethinking of security precautions for the papal visit to Canterbury next May.

Looming immediately ahead was the Runcie visit to Ireland — his first in 15 years and an occasion on which he'd repeatedly reserved comment until he could see problems at first hand.

"May nobody ever call murder by any other name than murder," he said at the consecration of St Anne's Cathedral, Belfast, "and may the spiral of violence never be given the distinction of unavoidable logic or unnecessary retaliation."

Of the uneasy Irish trip his chaplain told TAD, "The Archbishop got through four major addresses without a misstep in a land of mine-bombs."

As the summer unfolded, the Primate welcomed 300 disabled youngsters to a garden party celebrating the centenary of the CofE Children's Society. He also hosted the annual reception for 250 Anglican missionaries. Individual callers at Lambeth included the Dalai Lama, the handsome King and Queen of Hawaii [a new family, elected each year]. The Archbishop of Utrecht came for the golden jubilee of establishment of full communion between the Old Catholic and certain churches of the Anglican Communion.

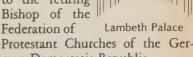
Engagements outside the Palace saw the Primate heading a delegation to the British Home Secretary to discuss the fierce rioting, especially in Dr Runcie's native Liverpool and some districts not far from Lambeth.

A few days later Runcie took to the floor of the House of Lords to say that one step in quieting anxiety would be the enactment of a new nationality bill that would give citizenship to large numbers from Africa, Asia and the West Indies. A month later he returned to the Lords to join the Bishop of Norwich in formally introducing and seating the new Bishop of London.

Between times the Runcies took time out for a trip to Cambridge for their son's graduation. The Times front-paged a four-column picture of James in white tie and tails talking with his parents after he'd received a First in English Lit.

Journeying to York for General Synod, Dr Runcie was one of the principal persuaders for a vote allowing divorced persons to be re-

married in
Church. Also
while at York
he awarded the
Lambeth Cross
to the retiring
Bishop of the



man Democratic Republic.

For all its serious long-windedness, York was nothing when compared to "Sexism and the

Church," the theme of a World Council of Churches consultation at Sheffield.

"There is a real danger that an over concentration on the issues involved in the ordination of women may reinforce a clericalistic view of the Church: [namely that] the only ministry worth exercising is an ordained one," Dr Runcie warned an international group of 140.

"Women of maturity can often help other women, particularly the battered or hard pressed, with their problems of pain and prayer, simply because the problem hardly needs stating, and female ministry goes beyond to those who see that, precisely because women have been undervalued for so long, they may instinctively identify with others," he said. "Women do not need to be trained for ordination for these roles. Indeed, some of the more imaginative courses for them are those which train them in spirituality . . . or in the recognition of their own selves, body, mind, and spirit, womb and wit, which all the Churches are beginning to undertake."

Once again there was raised the head of what the BBC has called "the great white whale of women's ordination."

But not to worry, as the English say, at least for the moment, for immediately thereafter the Archbishop participated in the royal wedding with a homily (reprinted in foregoing pages) that brought him prominently and popularly to the world's attention.



SERMON SURVIVAL





HESE notes are set down in sympathetic recognition that most congregations suffer through the Sunday sermon with

heroic fortitude. There must be a great number of Christians with extraordinary faith or else preachers would long ago have emptied the churches permanently.

I say this as one who both preaches from pulpits and listens in pews. I can testify that it is much more fun to preach than to listen.

As a preacher, then . . . let me suggest some survival tactics . . .

But first one preliminary point:

Notice how, as a preacher, I aborate on the obvious before lying anything constructive . . .) he congregation is under an obliation to appreciate anything a reacher says. An unwritten conact requires the listener to be cateful for hearing the Word of od, even when dear rector has noroughly obscured that Word by uman words badly assembled Satrday night. Ecclesiastical courtesy emands the listener, at the end of ne service, to say, "I enjoyed that ermon'' . . . If not, a long adition says that something was rong with the listener - sin, peraps, or sheer cussedness.

trategy No. 1: Wait for at least ne idea in the sermon before iving up. You may think, "But ne preacher has nothing to say othing at all." Sometimes a reacher can stand in the way of od's speaking for a remarkably ong time and then inadvertently by something true and memorale.

greement with the preacher is uite permissible; in some cases, it highly desirable. . . . For every remon thesis there is an antithesis. reachers are skilled at presenting alf-truths. Discover the truth that as been ignored, articulate it (to purself), and you and the preacher may have put together a resectable fragment of Christian uth.

Strategy No. 3: Let your mind wander. The art of mind-wandering is sadly neglected in these busy times. If the preacher announces a subject and clearly has nothing to say about it except platitudes, let your imagination create the sermon that is eluding the preacher. Strategy No. 4: Analyze your disappointment with the sermon. It is not enough to relax in the pew and to say, in effect to the preacher, "Amuse me." When a sermon dribbles off into fuzzy inanities, try to decide what need in you was left untouched by it. . . . The preacher need not know, when you say, "I enjoyed the sermon," that the sermon you enjoyed was your

Strategy No. 5: Don't just sit there - do something! The best somethings to do are done between sermons, by engaging the preacher in activities that can help produce better preaching. . . . do your part, as one engaged in the sermon enterprise, to let the preacher know that out there in the pew there is at least one listener, expectantly waiting for a sermon that will move, interest and inspire, determined to survive. Many a preacher, as anxious for survival as any listener, would be grateful to know that you are there - and willing to work out survival tactics with you. -Taddled from an article by the retired Warden of the College of Preachers in the College Newsletter



ALL SAINTS, MARGARET STREET



DON'T really understand it," says Fr Carl Somers-Edgar, senior curate and acting vicar of All Saints, Margaret

Street, in central London, "but God seems to select certain places in which to make His presence felt."

It is true of Becket's shrine; Iona, of course; Lindisfarne, Walsingham—and yes, All Saints, Margaret Street (see TAD's cover) as the faithful have been testifying for well nigh 200 years.

"No ordinary parish" is the phrase that has been used almost from the start —in constitution, activation, description and goal. And the presence of the All Saints Sisters of the Poor (visited elsewhere in this issue) has reinforced the uniqueness.

An old building known as Margaret Chapel — a proprietary chapel within the confines of Marylebone Parish— originally occupied the site. Its last services were on Easter Monday, 1850, the ensuing demolition leaving behind the echoing legacy of the Latin hymn Adeste Fidelis as translated by one of its clergy to the familiar carol, O Come, All Ye Faithful.

A more solid, soul-serving legacy was the pioneering role Margaret Chapel had played as the first place in London where the principles of the Oxford Movement were put into effect in worship and expounded in teaching.

All Saints' stellar role in recovering Catholic faith and practice for the church of England (taken up later by Annunciation, Marble Arch, as well as St Cyprian's, Clarence Gate, among others) was formally launched by no lesser light than Dr Edward Pusey. He laid the new building's cornerstone on All Saints Day, 1850 - an autumnal afternoon when Victoria was in only the 13th year of her long reign and the learned Pusev was a robust 50. destined to have nearly a quarter of a century more to champion sacramental truths. It was consecrated nine years later by Archibald Campbell Tait, Bishop of London. 1856-1868; 93rd Archbishop of Canterbury, 1868-82.

What Londoners saw then, and still behold, was a brick and stone archway giving admittance to a small paved courtyard on to which opens both the entrance to the church and the vicarage.

The church, 75 feet high and 109 feet long, may give an initial impression of gloom with brooding marbles and mosaics

almost overwhelmingly competing for attention. But a glance towards the sanctuary is breathtaking. Moreover, one sees instantly that the architect has brilliantly satisfied the Tractarian principles of focusing

on a single altar, visible from most of the church and unhidden by a screen.

Like many English churches, All Saints is not without its memorial tablets but they are mostly unobtrusive. A notable brass on the chancel floor is to Dom Bernard Clements, OSB, sixth vicar (1934-42) who had a vast personal ministry and reached scores more by broadcasting his sermons. Another unusual tribute is the enlarged

Lady Chapel commemorating Fr Kenneth Ross, the rosy-cheeked eighth vicar (1951-69). The picture of Virgin and Child is 14th century Italian, given in 1916.

Repair of bomb damage and a major cleaning having been accomplished for the 1959 centenary, no major program was undertaken until 1976 when it became apparent that supporting scaffolding was needed in the sanctuary and chancel. During the next year the stories were bonded with synthetic resin and suspended from a steel frame erected between the vaulting and the roof.

Almost simultaneously an outside consulting firm determined that the stone vaulting might stand as a silent sentinel over an area devoid of paid choir or clergy, heat or upkeep. An ambitious, prayerful drive for funds was begun with reassuring results.

About the same time an adjoining structure, also by the architect William Butterfield, was transformed from parish school to the innovative Institute of Christian Studies. Encouraged by Michael Marshall, a recent vicar who is now Bishop of Woolwich, Suffragan to Southwark, it offers courses with something of an international reputation to laity and clergy. Despite All Saints' stance as solidly traditional, its brochure describes the Institute's thrust as "restless."

So life goes forward into a 14th decade for venerable All Saints, quietly keeping its eloquent witness amid the storefronts of Margaret Street. A block or so away is one of London's best church bookstores. Mowbray's; in one direction is the busy intersection known as Oxford Circus, in another the tireless John Nash's All Souls' Church, Langham Place (c 1813). There are those still today who say that diocesan authorities made certain All Saints would maintain its specialized aspects by providing a balance to All Souls. As for the latter, hard by the imposing facade of BBC's Broadcasting House, it long ago inspired the observation "they don't come no higher than All Saints and no lower than All Souls."

While a depressing number of churches are being declared redundant, both All Saints and All Souls are constantly busy with weekday activities and filled with Sunday communicants. (For years, at All Saints, men sat on one side of the aisle, women on the other.) Although there is almost no resident population, both attract congregations that are estimated to be 70 per cent "regulars" and the rest "coming from everywhere." The latter includes a full complement of Americans and visitors from throughout the Commonwealth.

More specifically, All Saints' three-man clergy staff manages

several Eucharists as well as matir on Sundays

on Sundays supplemented by two low masses and evensong on weekdays. Confessions are heard at

three stated



Parish motto: Christus scire est omnia scire

weekday, fulfilling the need of many in greater London who cannot or do not wish to go to receive penance in their own paishes. In addition, there is Benefit

diction and healing.

"With such a schedule or wonders when there's time for much else, including the writing and publishing of a month 12-page parish paper filled with commentaries and meditation mostly written by All Saints clergy," said one visitor. "Paris news, except for the schedule services, is almost totally void afluff and chit-chat."

Still, there is a lighter side: a annual parish picnic in the courtry, a Sunday lunch regular served after the last Euchari (current price: approximate \$3.60)—and a bar! (A simil custom of serving drinks was popularized in the early 70s at Brussel Church of the Resurrection.) F the most part, All Saints' for

order up a glass of sherry supplemented by small homemade cakes selling for sixpence.

Taken all together, the architecture, the impressive interior and the magnificent altar give a prosperous impression. Truth to tell, there is no endowment income nor subsidy nor outsized donation. Only tremendous lay participation keeps the parish operating. Volunteer help does all the ironing, sewing, secretarial and most other general upkeep work.

The kitchen, diningroom and fully stocked bar are operated in the crypt. None of it is regarded as "busy work." They are serious lay efforts to maintain the parish. It was the decree of the founders that there be no parish organizations, unions, guilds, or leagues — and that both clergy and laity keep their attentions firmly centered on a teaching mission. The study center and the superb choirs are therefore given top priorities.

Modification of liturgy is still a matter of some controversy at All Saints with a decided difference on how far to go with the new forms. The present worship is a combination of 1662 and Series II. A simple free-standing altar, draped with a Laudian frontal, may or may not be permanent.

In the end it will be up to the vicar whose word is final in the All Saints corporation, despite what

bishops may say. Hence much depends on the new, as yet unappointed vicar and input from the new Bishop of London, himself a staunch Anglo-Catholic in a stormy sea of a see. —JBS†/reported by H N Kelley from London

WISDOM

And Wisdom Knows it's mostly questions Seldom answers.

And Wisdom Knows it's mostly friendship Seldom easy.
And Wisdom Knows

it's mostly faith
Seldom perfect.

—Newsletter, Resurrection, Pleasant Hill, CA





DAVID ALAN SPARROW, PRIEST — R. I. P.

† David Alan Sparrow, 45, trained at Pembroke College, Oxford, and Lincoln Theological College; curate of St Stephens with St John Evangelist, Westminster, 1962-66; Domestic Chaplain to Archbishop of Canterbury, 1966-67; Chaplain of St Catherine's College, Cambridge, 1967-75 and Fellow, 69-75; Examining Chaplain to Bishop of Rochester since 1970; Vicar of All Saints, Margaret Street, 1976-80: from All Saints in the City and Diocese of London.

"HE'S TAKING it very bravely, keeping right on with his work," said the American Superior of the All Saints Sisters, relaying word that Fr David Sparrow was dying of cancer in his mid-40s. Keeping right on, indeed, his name appearing as the scheduled preacher on the very Sunday that he died, listed in fact on the rota for the next two months. He was hoping against hope - certainly many were praying - and it appears that Fr Sparrow may well have thought the end was not quite so near at hand.

After several remissions and healings and then a sudden worsening, Fr Sparrow returned to the Vicarage on the Saturday before the royal wedding. But next morning a parishioner whispered

to a visitor, a retired American businessman, "The vicar is dying." The words were, of a sort, prophetic for Fr Sparrow's soul passed into heaven within a few hours.

"... Healing services and the laying on of hands became an integral aspect of the pattern of worship," said an obituary in *The Times*. "It was entirely consistent with his attitude that death occurred in his own vicarage. Beyond the outlines of his career, there remains the memory of a warm and caring priest."

As a spiritual bouquet of thanksgiving, TAD presents these excerpts from his recent parish bulletins:

August '79: There are many emphases, styles, theologies within the Christian spectrum, but of them all the one which we believe to be consonant with the truth about God and the truth about man is the Anglo-Catholic understanding.



Also August '79: . . . In the form of the liturgy celebrated here

a great treasure has been entrusted into our hands and the offering of the form and style of worship to God, with love, faithfulness and joy, is our vocation.

August '81: Once upon a time, in the mid 1970s to be precise, a then relatively young Cambridge college chaplain sat in his rooms and reflected on his future. As he considered moving to a parish in due course, he thought with appreciation of his content with his present problem-free pattern of

life: a chapel maintained in excellent order by the College, organ and choral exhibitions provided free by the rate-payers of Britain, the pow-

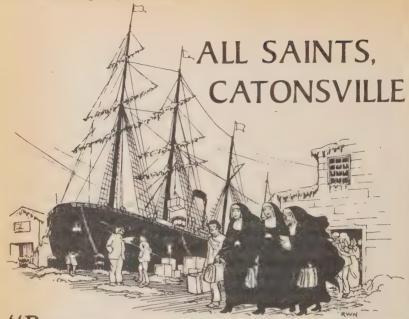
er to organize the chapel and its worship as he himself saw fit, provided he did not go too far too quickly. As he thought of a parish, he determined that he was certainly not going to a church which needed money to be raised for restoration: he was not ordained to be a money-raiser! Then he was aware of the difficulties of going to a parish which was already successful without his own unique talents. An empty church provided a much better opportunity to organize things liturgical and in every other way to suit his own tastes and then set about filling it up. It would be

folly to follow a lamented incumbent whose departure was grievously felt. Better far to go where the last priest was scarcely missed, his departure hardly regretted. As God observed this self-regarding meditation, He smiled to Himself and decided to deal with this naughty cleric and with a gentle sense of irony he sent me to All Saints, Margaret Street.



-When the priest celebrates—He honors God,/He makes the angels glad,/He builds up the body of the Church,/He helps on those that lives,/Gives quiet to the dead,/And wins a share in all things that are good.—Thomas Kempis in The Imitation of Christ





BALTIMORE, 12 Dec 1872, three black-habited English Sisters stepped off a train from New York, strangers in a city they had never

seen.''

Setting a scene rich in potential service and sanctity, so begins As Possessing All Things, the centennial history of the All Saints Sisters of the Poor, an Episcopal community with motherhouses in the dioceses of Oxford and Maryland.

"It was this Victorian era... which saw the rebirth of Religious Orders in the Anglican Communion and their first amazing growth," says the history which will be included as a gift from the Sisters with the mailing

of EBC's Winter selection.

The story of another of the early sisterhoods, the Society of St Margaret, was related in TAD's Michaelmas issue and its history sent with the Sisters' best wishes with EBC's Fall book. The decision to distribute a pair of community histories in consecutive mailings was made deliberately so that readers who may consider a religious vocation, or wish to encourage one, can compare two outstanding orders before arranging a

personal visit to a religious house.

Curiously, three of the best known societies were founded by young women with the same baptismal name: All Saints in 1851 by Harriet Brownlow Byron; Community of St John Baptist, 1854, Harriet Monsell; Community of St Mary, 1865, Harriet Starr Cannon.

St Luke's Day, 1981, marked the 130th anniversary of the beginning of All Saints as part of All Saints, Margaret Street (presented in

TAD's foregoing pages).

The vicar of the church then abuilding, Fr William Upton Richards, carefully guided the fledgling nuns for the first two decades of their corporate life. By 1865 the Sisters were formally organized under an Augustinian Rule. By 1860 there were enough of them to supervise University Hospital, London, continuing until 1898. Meanwhile the Sisters were nurses in numerous parts of England and in Paris during the Franco-Prussian War, while also conducting homes for the aged, an orphanage, and a mission house in Edinburgh.

Beginning with No 82 Margaret Street, then in an area of dreadful slums, the Sisters occupied every building up to Great-Titchfield Street, caring for the sick and homeless of teeming London.

Today, with the state providing in one way or another, the Sisters in both England and America still look after small groups of children, the aged, and the dying. All Saints House, London, is operated for retreatants and students, mainly for women studying music at London University.

Fr Richards' death in 1873 made the nuns less of a parish sisterhood and brought them under the care of Fr Richard Benson, SSJE, founder of the Cowley Fathers. Through him they came to the attention of one of the American Cowleys, Fr Charles Grafton (II Bishop of Fond du Lac, 1889-1912) and the invitation to come to the US.

The new work at Baltimore's Mount Calvary Church was specifically sanctioned by the Diocesan (William Whittington, IV Bishop of Maryland, 1840-79), a vital consent in an era when few in the episcopate were comfortable with the revival of religious orders. (It was one reason All Saints adopted the custom of wearing the crucifix concealed beneath the habit.) American Bishops, in particular, were touchy about Sisters from overseas who would not be under their direct jurisdiction. It was, after all, only 88 years since the English had refused to consecrate an American bishop and only five years since they had rather uneasily received "foreign" bishops in the first Lambeth Conference.

At Mount Calvary Parish (founded in 1843), the Sisters allied themselves strongly with the

needs of blacks. It was that group, the bonds of slavery still fresh in their minds, which became the nucleus of Mount Calvary Chapel dedicated to St Mary the Virgin. Its friendship with the Sisters still continues.

In the waning years of the last century, the Sisters continued to be deeply identified with Baltimore's poor. Like their London foundress, they regularly went begging with a large market basket on the arm, a few small boys trailing behind with wagons to carry additional contributions of food scraps.

It was during those years that there sprung up a black sisterhood called St Mary's and All Saints. Its members in their dark blue habits looked after St Katherine's Orphanage but never numbered more than four; in 1917, the last of them was admitted to Canada's Sisterhood of St John the Divine. All Saints continued St Katherine's until 1935.

Besides Baltimore, the Sisters have worked for various periods in the city and diocese of Washington as well as Orange and Hoboken (Diocese of Newark). Work begun about 1880 at St Clement's, Philadelphia, still continues, centering

mainly in a beautifully run home, St Anna's, for aged women.

In August, 1887, a terse cable, "Mother rests," communicated the death of the Mother Foundress, almost 31 years to the day of her



profession. Her religious life had been an eventful period in which she had seen her Sisters serving in America, South Africa, and India.

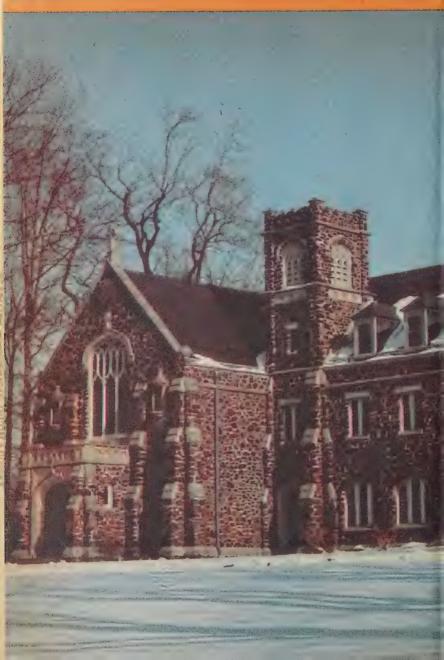
Another benchmark was soon at hand for the American congregation: it became an autonomous house in 1890 — and at the annual Chapter, five of the English Sisters elected to remain.

Activities in and around Baltimore included caring for children in a country home administered by a committee of Churchwomen at

(Continued on page 27)

Photo opposite: Fresh flowers, sparkling windows, and gleaming floors, all characteristic of All Saints Convent, mark the short cloister connecting the chapel with the central entrance. Centerfold: Surmounting its hilltop, the convent radiates from a central hall although the chapel was the first section completed in 1922. Three successive additions have been made, using the distinctive brown stone quarried on the grounds.









(Continued from page 22)

Orange Grove, Catonsville. When it closed in 1916 the holdings were given unconditionally to the Sisters. Faced with maintaining two properties, they decided to sell the

From that April evening, until February two years later, the stone bungalow called St Gabriel's did double duty as convent and children's home.

"Yet one can see a hand guiding

Like All Saints, Catonsville, a much older Belgian convent also built in sections but over a longer period of time was thusly described by Monica Baldwin in her book of 30 years ago, I Leap Over the Wall, a title taken from her family motto as based on Psalm 18:30: "Built originally round a small open courtyard, it had grown with the centuries till it lay like a long, grey, sleeping lizard, clutching two other courtyards and a cloister garth between its claws. In winter. . . . the pale light crept in through deep-silled, leaded windows and was frozen immediately into the same wan blue as the white-washed walls. You might have been standing in the heart of an iceberg . . . it was so silent, so austere."

city convent and settle in a rambling frame structure in the country. A stone house nearby was acquired for children's work.

The move represented a certain break with Baltimore but the community did not look back except for want of a buyer for the city convent. All through Lent, 1980, they prayed that a purchaser might come forward. One was eventually found but not before the country house burned to the ground one night in Easter Week.

us into a metamorphosis," says the All Saints history, going on to relate the construction of the new convent. St Gabriel's was expanded, too, giving way in 1927 to an entirely new building. It was used for convalescing children but by 1951, when antibiotics had abolished many illnesses, it began to be used for mentally-retarded children and also for retreats.

Retreats and Quiet Days have, in fact, become a major interest with the Sisters conducting them at the convent and also visiting parishes.

Photo opposite: A professed sister walks with a white-veiled novice in the community cemetery towards a large crucifix given by a former chaplain to watch over the graves. When flames raged through the forest, fire-fighters worked to contain it from the perimeter; the crucifix remained only through the Mother Superior's urgent personal pleas persuading them to turn and save it. A total of 385 All Saints Sisters have lived out their life vows, of whom about 40 were members of the American house.

(One of the most faithful retreatants was the cabinet member Frances Perkins whose story is included in this issue of TAD; when the new Labor Department building was dedicated in her honor, the present Superior gave the invocation.)

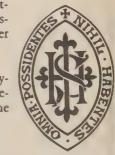
Catonsville's outreach is vividly seen in the voluminous production of the Scriptorium and the Altar Breads Departments; a new project is the distribution of tracts through which the Evangelical Catholic Mission recalls Episcopalians to

their ancient heritage.

In England, All Saints has also responded to the needs of the times. The motherhouse grounds at 36 Leopold Street, Oxford (the telephone exchange is Shiptonunder-Wychwood) include an impressive stone structure, St John's Home for Elderly Women, as well as Helen House, Britain's first hospice for sick and dying children. (By coincidence, the American branch is also going into hospice work in the familiar setting of Mount Calvary Parish, Baltimore.) Other religious communities in Oxford are SSJE; a branch of St Mary the Virgin, Wantage; and three motherhouses — the Community of St Clare, Freelands (TAD Lent '81); Community of the Salutation of Blessed Mary the Virgin, Burford; and Sisters of the Love of God, Fairacres.

The English superior is Mother Frances Dominica, ASSP. At Catonsville, Mother Virginia,

ASSP, has gently and graciously presided over the convent since 1951. Born a Presbyterian, she recalls hearing the bells of St Peter's, Lewes (Diocese of



Delaware), early on Sunday mornings during her childhood. When All Saints Sisters came to the Lewes beach for their summer rest she summoned courage to approach them. They kept in touch and she entered the novitiate in 1940.

The All Saint Sisters go forward – 30 in the US, 50 more in England – their motto unchanging: Nihil Habentes, Omnia Possidentes – as having nothing, yet possessing all things.



Whoso neglects a thing which he suspects he ought to do, because it seems to him too small a thing, is deceiving himself; it is not too little, but too great for him, that he doeth it not. —Edward Bouverie Pusey (1800-1882) (See page 14 of this issue.)







LITTLE old lady in black with a tricorne hat and a manner that seemed to teeter between timidity and confidence.

Frances Perkins sat half way down the nave on the Epistle side Sunday after Sunday in the 1950s and 1960s when Albert A Chambers was rector of the Episcopal Church of the Resurrection on Manhattan's

upper East Side.

Few would have guessed that she was an exceptionally steel-nerved woman who, as Secretary of Labor and first woman Cabinet member, had planned the systems of unemployment insurance and Social Security that touch thousands of lives each day. Fewer still would have known that her inspiration came from her Biblically-based, Anglo-Catholic faith.

For years she had tithed, gone to confession, made frequent retreats, and (at a time when her work was heaviest) had been a daily communicant.

The Social Security Act and the Fair Labor Standards Act, her greatest glories, might seem too technical to allow personality to enter, but what Perkins chose to do was determined by her religion.

Many Democrats supported the Social Security Act because it attracted votes; others, for humanitarian reasons; Perkins, "for Jesus" sake," because it brought the City of God closer to the cities of toil and industry. Madam Secretary seldom used such terms, because she knew they made many people nervous, but her religion was the

source of her strength.

On Franklin Roosevelt's Inauguration Day, March 4, 1933, the President-elect occupied pew 54 at Morning Prayer at St John's Church, Lafayette Square, across from the White House: Perkins was a devout Episcopalian, and the familiar words had meaning for her. In the years to come the fact that she and Roosevelt were of the same Church was a bond. It did not increase her influence with him, but it eased communication. If she talked to him about social justice or urged him to do something simply because it was right, the words tended to have the same resonance in both minds.

A convert from Congregationalism, she was drawn to Anglicanism by its ritual and by the sense of discipline and authority implicit in ritual. [As a young woman teacher, she was confirmed at Holy Spirit,

Lake Forest, Diocese of Chicago.] She would remark often in the future that American political life sorely needed more ritual, that transfers of power would be accomplished more surely and with less bitterness if each party knew in advance where to stand, what words to say and which gestures to make.

She saw ritual not in black and white but in color. She liked political and even personal events to be well staged, in every theatrical sense, for thus the public or family was best induced to share the occasion. . . . As a friend observed. she had a rare gift for noting, "the milestones in life." Far more than the Congregational or Presbyterian, the Episcopal Church, with its liturgy and vestments, especially if high-church (to which she was increasingly drawn), points up milestones in its services and the changing seasons of the Church year. Evidently there was no thought of social advantage in her conversion. . . Possibly there was a touch of filial rebellion in her action. Her friends said that "Perk" must do things her own way, not as her parents or others do them. Her conversion, however, was for life. After a time her interest in religion waned; still later it revived, stronger than before; but she always remained within the Episcopal Church.

During the eventful and stimulating years in Washington, Perkins felt the need for some other balance to the pressures of position and found it in her religion. Though other churches were closer, she crossed the city to worship at St James and found a good counselor in its rector, Fr Alfred Plank. She

in turn interested Secretary of Agriculture Henry Wallace and his wife, who had befriended her at

befriended her at the augural service at St John's. The two cabinet officers soon were familiar figures, the Wallaces always sitting halfway back on the left of the aisle, and Perkins a little

more forward on the right.

It was Fr Plank, a tertiary of the Episcopal Franciscans on Long Island, whom she consulted within her first four months in Washing ton — Roosevelt's "hundred

days," as historians call it.

Fr Plank suggested she "refresh her spirit from time to time" by visiting the Convent of the All Saints Sisters in Catonsville, Md [profiled elsewhere in this issue]. She would go for a day or half day, staying overnight. She would attend the schedule of prayer, seven services with the first at 6 and the last at 8:30 PM, and in the hours between she might walk, study in the library, cut dead blossoms from the lilacs or pray. The Sisters soon noticed that she spent much of her time in prayer. . . She told no one

where she went, except her secretary. Even with close friends she seldom talked of the Convent or mentioned it in letters. It was not simply an escape from the shoptalk of Washington, for she liked to discuss with the Reverend Mother Laura [Superior, 1932-50] the concepts behind social legislation. Nor was it simply an escape from a male-dominated society. . . The closest she came to a statement about part of what she found there is in a letter to a friend. . . . "I have discovered the rule of silence is one of the most beautiful things in the world. It gives one time for so many, many ideas and occupations. It also preserves one from the temptation of the idle word, the fresh remark, the wisecrack, the angry challenge, the hot-tempered reaction, the argument about nothing, the foolish question, the unnecessary noise of the human clack-clack. It is really quite remarkable what it does for one."

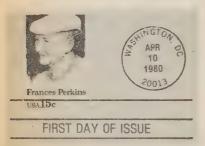
Perkins needed the solace for the stormy times ahead, among them a growing cry for her impeachment because she refused to go all out for deporting alien Communists in the days leading up to World War II. To preserve her balance she started going to church every morning. One morning at the church, Fr Plank asked how she was getting on. At first she said merely, "Very well, thank you"; but then, "I find that I have great difficulty

in praying for my enemies. It is very difficult. I grow confused." He suggested that she pray for them not by name but by categories; first large, then small. "Pray for those persons who despitefully use all other persons; pray for those who bear false witness against all other persons. Then pray for those who despitefully use you or bear false witness against you. Don't mention them by name. Eventually you will move over that point and be able to do it."

It was a difficult time and perhaps the hardest to accept was condemnation within the Church she loved. At a convention of the Episcopal Diocese of New York, late on the final day, when most of the delegates had left, a resolution was suddenly introduced and passed calling for her resignation. In the newspapers it became the day's major story about the convention. Its immediate cause was the wave of strikes in defense industries, and it asked the President to appoint a new Secretary of "unimpeachable patriotism."

Perkins persevered, guiding the Department of Labor through the perilous war years. As she sought to resign on the eve of Roosevelt's fourth inauguration, the gravely ill President refused to let her go. Instead he paid her a tribute that she later recounted: "Frances, you have done awfully well. I know

what you have been through. I know what you have accomplished. Thank you.' He put his hand over mine and gripped it. There were tears in our eyes. It was all the reward that I could have ever asked — to know that he had recognized the storms and trials I had faced in developing our program, to know



that he appreciated the program and thought well of it, and that he was grateful."

In less than four months, the President was dead and Perkins stepped down as one of two Cabinet members who had stayed with him throughout his unprecedented length of time in office. So Perkins entered retirement with a record of great achievement: Because of her work on minimum wage and on accident, unemployment and old age insurance, she has a hand in our daily lives; of few cabinet officers can so much be

She stepped from public office to a new career at age 65. Her hus-

said a quarter of a century after

they have left office.

band, to whom she had remained unfailingly loyal and supportive, was finally at rest after years of alcoholism and mental instability. Her only child, a daughter, was happily married and had presented her with a grandson. She traveled, wrote, and lectured, and was warmly received wherever she went - including one last retreat at All Saints in April, 1965, just three weeks before she went, as one Sister said, "to rejoice with the angels in Heaven." - Excerpted from Madame Secretary: Frances Perkins, George Martin, Houghton Mifflin, 1976

GOOD STEWARDSHIP

ST MICHAEL's, Mt Pleasant, Diocese of Iowa, was the recipient during 1980 of three bequests totalling \$150,000. The vestry decided that: (a) the money, both principal and interest, would be used only for major repairs and capital improvements, and (b) both principal and interest would be tithed for various purposes outside the parish. The initial tithe was sent to the Diocese to be used for enlargement and renovation of the kitchen at the diocesan camp and conference center. The remainder has been invested in high vield certificates and the interest to date has already enabled the parish to repair stained glass windows and repaint part of the grave.

† Howell Stillman, 93, father of Helen Stillman List and for many years head of FDIC's New England District and president of the Bay State National Bank, who combined financial brilliance with expertise in painting and music, singing as tenor soloist at Manhattan's St Matthew's (now SS Matthew & Timothy) as well as three parishes in the Diocese of Newark-St Luke's, Montclair; St Andrew's, South Orange; and St George's, Maplewood -and serving as vestryman at the latter and also at St Paul's, Boston, and Grace. Lawrence (Diocese of Massachusetts) from which he was buried.

† Edward Little, 100, son of a North Carolina cotton farmer who became a soap salesman in 1902 for Colgate-Palmolive and rose to be chief executive officer and chairman; from Grace-St Luke's, Memphis, Diocese of Tennessee.

† Pamela Hansford Johnson, 69. Londonborn novelist married to a novelist -Lord C P Snow, excerpted elsewhere in this issue- who left school in 1930 to become a bank secretary but almost immediately began writing poetry and had her first book published five years later, eventually winning recognition on the Queen's Honors List as a Commander of the British Empire: from St James's, Piccadilly, Diocese of London, with former Prime Minister Harold Macmillan reading the lesson and with other selections from the author's own work as well as Proust's.

† Robert Moses, 92, municipal manipulator and master planner who changed the face of New York during several decades of unparalleled power; from St Peter's, Bay Shore, Diocese of Long Island, a parish church bordering on Moses Causeway that leads to Moses Twin Causeway to Moses State Park.

† Sir Leslie Ford, OBE, 83, who managed South Wales ports as vital maritime links during World War II and afterwards became General Manager of the Port of London Authority (1948-64); from All Hallowsby-the-Tower in the city and Diocese of London.

† Dorothy Luther Cramer, 92, who survived infancy because her birth coincided with perfection of condensed milk and throughout a long life of volunteer service to the Church was known as tiny, dainty and "as lissome as a puff of thistledown" (she directed All Angels Farm, a conference center and camp of Ramapo, NY, 1919-54. then retired again at 90 after nine years of running a parish thrift shop); from Grace. Nyack, Diocese of New York.

† Sir Robert Howe, KCMG, 87, career diplomat who was Governor General of the Sudan from 1947 to its inauguration of selfgovernment in 1955; from St Bartholomew's, Lostwithiel, Cornwall, Diocese of Truro.

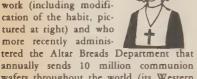
† Elmer Rhoden Sr. 88, Iowa-born, Nebraska-educated, executive of holding companies of dozens of midwestern moviehouses and eventually head of a Californiabased firm that controlled more than 500 theaters throughout the US; from St Andrews, Kansas City, Diocese of West Missouri.

† Edward McCrady, 74, and Urban T Holmes, 51, respectively retired Vice Chancellor of the University of the South and Dean of St Luke's School of Theology, both at Sewance. Diocese of Tennessee. within 10 days of each other in late summer. A native of Canton, Miss, Dr. McCrady graduated from the University of Pennsylvania; a noted scientist, he taught at Sewanee following his retirement as vice chancellor. Fr Holmes, North Carolina born and educated, was chaplain at LSU for ten years before joining Nashotah's faculty for seven years, going from there to Sewanee; both were buried from All Saints Chapel, Sewance.

† Ken Barrington, 50, top cricketer and manager of touring teams to India, Pakistan, New Zealand, and most recently to Barbados: from the Cathedral Church of SS Saviour and Mary Overie, Diocese of Southwark.

† Sr Frideswide CSM, 77, Memphis-born, Bryn Mawr-educated Mother General of the Community of St Mary (1955-71), serving simultaneously as Headmistress of St Mary's School and presiding over the American

Church's largest sisterhood during radical changes in its life and work (including modification of the habit, pictured at right) and who more recently adminis-



annually sends 10 million communion wafers throughout the world (its Western Province at Milwaukee almost matches the number); from the motherhouse chapel, Peekskill, Diocese of New York.

† George Francis Hugh, 86, II Marquess of Cambridge, the royal family's oldest member with whose death without a male heir disappears a title associated with the palace since 1821; Eton and Oxford-educated, he became a banker and was best man in 1934 to the Duke of Kent but was otherwise seldom seen; from St George's, Windsor, Diocese of Oxford.

† John Lamarsh, 53, Connecticut-born, MIT-educated, recently appointed administrative judge of the Federal Nuclear Regulatory Commission; from St John's, Larchmont, Diocese of New York.



☆ TO CHRIST CHURCH, Gary, Diocese of Northern Indiana, \$7,200 from a boyhood communicant, Fr Norman Quigg, 89, and like amounts to two parishes he served as rector - Christ Church, Streator, Diocese of Chicago, 1920-37, and Emmanuel, Shawnee, Diocese of Oklahoma, 1944-58; all monies to be used to aid seminarians. Educated at Hobart and at Western Seminary (now Seabury-Western) he was Archdeacon of Chicago for a two-year period, 1938-40.

☆ TO ST TIMOTHY'S, Mountain View (Diocese of El Camino Real) \$10,000 anonymously given, a present well timed with a thousand or so left over to complete the parish's last mortgage payment.

A TO ST STEPHEN'S, Barbourne, Diocese of Worcester, an estate of 24,497 pounds, less personal legacies totalling 260 pounds, from George Harold Charles Davies, a resident of the see city.

☆ TO CHRIST CHURCH. Hackensack, Diocese of Newark, \$10,000 from Elizabeth Walley Schenck, a faithful long-time parishioner who had more recently lived in Wynnewood, Pa.

☆ TO THE CONFRATERNITY

THE BLESSED SACRA-MENT, an Episcopal devotional society founded in the US in 1867, \$5,000 from Nancy Brinley Mc-Kean and also a bequest from the VIII Chicago, Wallace Conkling.

Bishop of

Edmonds

ACCORDING TO

 Columnist Jim Bishop: You can imagine I wasn't too excited at 10 or 11 to receive Butler's Lives of the Saints but when I got into it, wow! Those guys committed the most delightful sins before they reformed and became so sanctimonious. They sit up there in heaven with their burnished halos and their memories. Great reading.

• The Archbishop of Cape Town: It is an awesome but joyful thing to see a group of men and women who, in spite of deep diversity, operate in mutual trust and support in the Spirit of Christ. They are like those little shoals of fish one can see in the shallows of a river estuary [which] move as one body with a swift and apparently unplanned coordination. When people live and move like that in Christ we see in microcosm what God can do among us.

• Fr Andrew Fiddler, Rector of Trinity-on-the-Green, New Haven, Diocese of Connecticut: Sin is not ontological guilt, total depravity or utter worthlessness, it is simply missing the mark - nothing more and nothing less.

• John H Hick, H G Wood Professor of Theology at the University of Birmingham, in concluding Evil

and the God of Love (Harper & Row, 1978): Can there be a future good so great as to render acceptable, in retrospect, the whole human experience, with all its wickedness and suffering, as well as its sanctity and happiness? I think that perhaps there can, and indeed that perhaps there is.

 Madeleine L'Engle, writer-inresidence at New York's Cathedral Church of St John the Divine: Many people go to church because it's the safest place they can go to escape God. People do not wish God to be irrational, changeable or violent. They want to domesticate

God.

 The Chief Rabbi of London: We activate no electricity on the Sabbath (setting our lights to go on and off by a time-switch), do not use the phone, open letters, or travel. It is the one day when one can be one's self, liberated from the tyranny of our machine-ridden world.

 A priest's widow, for 36 years full-time organist in his parish: I find going to Communion my greatest consolation.

• Fr James Whitcomb, a 1922 graduate of General who was sometime headmaster of Hoosac School and rector of several New York state parishes, on being asked if he took a morning nap: After 91, you nap every other five minutes!

• The Chief Editor of Oxford English Dictionaries in a letter to The Times of London: . . . Your . . . readers who are sensitive to such things will be pleased to hear that, in a booklet I have prepared for the guidance of BBC announcers, I have advised them not to pronounce deity to rhyme with laity for the present.

• Eugene Claudius-Petit, speaking

for parishioners of St Pierre de Firminy, Le Corbusier's last church design, now nearing completion: They do not want any pseudo-building: they want something real.



They desire neither richness of materials nor technical sensationalism. They wish the spirit to animate inert material and invest the volume, the space, the light,

with a meaning.

• The parish Review at Milton, Diocese of Portsmouth: What you have often thought was the hotline to Heaven has disappeared from the churchyard. I refer to the overhead telephone cable which for years has crossed the grounds to the vicarage. The post has been re-

moved and the hot-line is now underground, where the Devil also has an extension.

WE RECOMMEND

§ To parishes without burial grounds but who value a sense of Resurrectional community, consider asking a local cemetery to set aside an area in which parishioners may acquire adjoining plots. For details write the Senior Warden, Epiphany, Concordia, KS 66901. Epiphany created the All Souls section of Pleasant Hill in which the body of its rector of nearly four decades (author of the lead article in TAD's Michaelmas issue) was recently interred.

§ To guilds and individuals seeking useful Lenten and year-round projects, "Operation Knit" run by the Anglican Church Women of Canada in conjunction with South Carolina's ECW to produce especially-designed socks for lepers. They recently sent off 700 pairs for use throughout the world. Write Helena Hammond, c/o Diocese of Eastern Newfoundland and Labrador, 19 King's Bridge Rd, St John's, Newfoundland, A1C 3K4. § To those parishes which cannot risk the use of old and valuable sacred vessels, the Altar Guild of the Diocese of Connecticut suggests 12-ounce goblets suitable as chalices and matching silver dishes for the credence table. Made of Armetale (not pure pewter) by In-

ilco, goblets are \$12 from Simone Lestaurant Supply, 110 Connectiut Blvd, East Hartford, CT 06108. To EBC members and others who became especially interested n Thomas Merton through our Winter '81 selection, Furlong's Aerton: A Biography: ordering Christmas cards (12 in a packet) nade from original Merton drawngs - the Virgin, the Holy Anels, Gethsemani Monastery, and ther scenes - printed in brown on rainy tan paper with matching nvelopes, \$5.95; a dozen note ards and envelopes, featuring a ozen Merton designs, also \$5.95; r a packet of 12 different photoraphs Merton made in the Westrn US and Asia, \$3.95; all plus

shipping and handling. The publisher is the same house which put out EBC's Fall '80 book, Fr Simon Tugwell's The Beatitudes: Soundings in Christian Theology — Templegate, POB 5152, Springfield, IL 62705.

§ The William Temple centenary edition of The Anglican Bibliopole

which lists more than two dozen works of the 98th Archbishop of Canterbury as well as



four books about him, including Iremonger's masterful biography published 33 years ago. Write Fr Paul Evans, Box 99309, San Francisco, CA 94109.



THE CHURCH UNDERGIRDING LIFE

WELL TIMED for a season when ll eyes were on England, Booksn-Tape (Newport Beach, CA 2660) has recently recorded C P now's novel A Coat of Varnish Scribner's '79) which interweaves ne presence of the Church of ngland, even in a mystery story, s only could be accomplished by a riter of Lord Snow's ilk. Herewith nese excerpts:

On friends of a chief character, Lady Ashbrook: She even had a prie-dieu although for years she had attended the most evangelical parish in the district. . . She had been to Church that morning just as she had all her life. [Her friends] had often wondered . . . whether she really had religious faith. It might have been convenient in a life as talked about as hers to show

herself punctilious in at least one kind of piety. [They] had never heard her make a specualtive remark. They would have liked to know whether she had prayed that morning, praying for good news in the coming week as children pray when they are waiting for school examinations results but unbelievers sometimes prayed like that, they recalled with a blink of shame—and they had done so themselves.

On Lady Ashbrook: . . . She certainly would not have admitted the answer to the speculation about the Sunday morning. Had she prayed for herself in Church? She would not even had admitted the question to herself, let alone the answer, but yes, she had prayed, prayed as she knelt stiff-backed before the service: she had prayed again that next night, although she hadn't knelt at the bedside. Her prayers were simple but had an anxious concentration of exact detail as though God was likely to misunderstand or cheat: "Let me hear good news this week. I mean let me hear that I am healthy and that there is nothing malignant: that is, no sign of a malignant growth."

On planning a London wedding: What church? St Peter's, Eaton Square?... No [said the groom] it would draw attention to the glossy neighborhood and his own fortune. The crypt chapel in the

Palace of Westminster? "Too dim, too obscure, no one about at this time of the year." . . . Finally they compromised on St Margaret's, Westminster, the Parliament church often used for weddings of MP's and their children, but too smart for egalitarian taste. "There'll be criticism." "I'm so sorry," said the groom. . . At 2:15 [on the wedding day] people were coming into St Margaret's, kneel-

ing dutifully on the hassocks, sitting up, looking around to see someone they recognized. . . . [One guest] settled down to enjoy the service. Like



other non-believers of his period, he had a fondness for the liturgy in which he had been brought up. However, the marriage service was not one of his favorites. Cranmer was a great master of 16th century English; on the other hand, he was not a great master of suspense!

On the Burial Office: The great words of the service were being spoken, not loudly but in a clear voice. To everyone there, they were familiar. . . . "I am the resurrection and the life. . ." . . . words rubbed smooth with time.

ORDER FORM

	TO JOIN the episcopal book club , please send \$25 (\$30 outside the U S) for the next four selections and check the appropriate boxes.
	Start my EBC membership with:
	☐ Beyond Belief (see TAD's Michaelmas issue) ☐ Fearfully and Wonderfully Made (see inside back cover)
	As my gift book, send me: The Offering of Man by Harry Blamires or Charles Simeon of Cambridge by Hugh Alexander Evan Hopkins (Gift choices subject to stock on hand; substitutes may be sent.)
	IF YOU'D LIKE TO SEND the anglican digest TO OTHERS, please include a list of names and addresses. We'd appreciate a contribution of five dollars (six dollars outside the US) for the six issues in the year ahead for each gift subscription.
	ENCLOSED is my subscription contribution to TAD in the amount of \$ (Contributions are tax deductible.)
(Name)	
Add	lress)
City	, State/Country, Postal Code) V81
TOTAL enclosed \$ (Please make remittance payable to SPEAK in U S funds)	



POTPOURRI



NOTED WITHOUT COMMENT

Before a Sunday High Mass not long ago, a man brought a small boy to the front of the nave for a closer look at the high altar before the service began. The boy went part way up the choir steps and knelt, still holding the man's hand. His gaze never left the altar. When he got up and turned around, his face showed a certain delight and wonder and he waved to all the people facing him in the congregation. The man led him towards the side aisle, and even though he could not see over the choir rail, he waved goodbye to the altar and the Person whose Presence he had felt there. -Ave. St Mary the Virgin, Manhattan, Diocese of New York

SIMPLE AS THAT

The name of Mr John Park Stewart, a retired headmaster, is to be removed from the Queen's Birthday Honors List because he has died. —Times of London

MAKES THE HEART GLAD

To hear that the Bishop of Los Angeles, remembering that a newly appointed canon gave up a beloved dachshund, Eric II, to take an apartment near the diocesa office, gave the priest on his retur to parish life, a box containing tiny china dachshund and a git certificate marked TO PURCHASE ONE PUPPY. Result: Mark III clerical black, "fat and sleek," a the Psalmist says, now guards the rambling rectory of Ascension Sierra Madre.

SOLITAIRE

☐ I live on a high floor of building facing a busy avenue o the West Side of Manhattar Across the street from me, a fe floors down, at a window with rather large windowsill, sits a elderly woman. She is playing cards by herself. She sits there a day long, from morning till eve ning, stopping only for brie moments during the day. Once saw someone else moving about i the room behing her, but sh seemed to pay no attention whoever it was, and went of playing. This has been going on fe at least six years. The other day finally found myself satisfying m intense curiosity. I took a pair binoculars over to the window. see just what kind of game of so taire she was so engrossed in When her window came into focus, I saw that what she was shuffling and laying out was not a deck of cards, but a stack of photographs: they were the faded photographs of children. —A letter in The New York Times

HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

- Now with his Saviour, accidentally . . . —Times, Victoria, BC, death notice on automobile accident.
- ☐ Said a missionary at a farewell dinner given by his parish: "I want to thank you for your kindnesses, and I want all of you to know that when I am out there, surrounded by ugly, grinning savages, I shall always think of you people."
 —Coley Parish, Halifax, Diocese of Wakefield
- ☐ At Holy Comforter, Cleburne, Diocese of Dallas, there's an organization called The Young and Handsome Men's Club. Is there a counterpart?
- ALASKA: A SMALL, LARGE AND VERY ACTIVE DIOCESE Headline in Missionary, Diocese of Northern California

REPETITION

☐ When a bishop takes many Confirmation services, he has the chance to polish up the sermon with constant use, adding to and improving it as he goes along. I was rather pleased with my effort this year, as I thought it was beautifully

clear and logical. Hoping (I fear) to extract an encouraging opinion, I apologized to a priest who in taking me around his parish, had already heard it three times, was about to hear it once more. "Oh, it doesn't matter," he said cheerfully, "I'm just beginning to get the hang of what you're saying."

— Borrowed by way of Trinity, Pine Bluff, Diocese of Arkansas

EMBARASSMENT OF RICHES

The Alumni Preaching Prize and Hodgkin Memorial Prize were presented to the entire senior class in recognition of the general excellence of their sermons. The prize money was given by the class to one of its members, the Rev'd Munashe Magodoro, who will continue his studies [in the US] before returning to his native Zimbabwe. —Church Divinity School of the Pacific

TIMES TRIPS

God-awful mistakes don't occur just in parish programs but in such publications as The New York Times which got its paragraphs reporting the death of Robert Moses (see Burials) in a curious juxtaposition: Mr Moses was born into a prominent Jewish family . . but some time after attending Yale and Oxford Universities, he decided he would rather follow the Episcopal faith. Governor Carey, speaking to reporters, said of Mr

Moses, "He saw what had to be done and he didn't let little rules and regulations get in his way."

WHAT'S THE SECRET?

A list of loans totaling \$300,000 to parishes in nine dioceses has been released by the Episcopal Church Executive Council Loans Committee. Curiously, the news announcement fails to list the towns in which the parishes are located and since many a diocese has parishes dedicated to such saints as John the Baptist, Anne, Ambrose, Matthew, Catherine, or the Incarnation, it's bewildering to pin-point where the money's gone — however wisely appropriated it may be.

GOOD IDEAS

☐ TAD is light weight (not lightheaded, we hope) and easy to hold when reading in bed; consequently it has proved ideal for placing on hospital trays. The chaplain of Jane Phillips Hospital, Bartlesville, Diocese of Oklahoma, has arranged a bulk order for his patients.

St Peter's, Diocese of Albany, produces a handsome program with the Lord's best known words to its patron printed around three sides, "Thou art Peter and upon this rock/I will build my Church/ and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." In Christ's Church, Rye, Diocese of New York, the words of the Creed are in

pierced metal lighted from behind and form a border around the chapel ceiling. In many older parish churches, beloved Biblical phrases and verses have long outlined sanctuary arches; in more recent years, Bible passages have been stencilled around the narthex or across the front wall of classrooms.

☐ "Let this bulletin be a missionary, pass it on to someone else," writes the rector of St Timothy's, Gering, Diocese of Nebraska, as a concluding line in his Sunday program. The same is true of TAD: go and do likewise!

WISHFUL THINKING

☐ Writes the ECW president at St John's, Huntington, Diocese of Long Island: I was going to suggest we use the entire proceeds [of the Fair to purchase a full-length sable coat to be used in turn by all women who toiled long hours. It would be assigned to each person in the most equitable way - that is, alphabetically starting with P. [The president's name is Nancy Pettit!] I mentioned my idea to a few others who were very enthused but then we reconsidered when we heard of roof repairs, shredded choir robes, and tables in danger of imminent collapse. Maybe next year . . .

* * * * * *

Proposal for name of Parish bus.

MASS TRANSIT.

VANISHING LUXURY

\$

VOLUNTEERS are like yachts.

They could stay moored where it's safe and still justify their being, but they choose to cut through the rough waters, ride out storms, and take chances.

They have style. They're fiercely independent. If you have to ask how much they cost, you can't afford them.

Volunteers and yachts have a lot more in common these days. They're both part of an aristocratic era that is disappearing from the scene. They're both a luxury in a world that has become very practical. Day by day, the number of volunteers decreases in this country as more and more of them equate their worth in terms of dollars and cents.

They don't contribute to our civilization. They are civilization— at least, the only part worth talking about. They are the only human beings on the face of this earth who reflect this nation's compassion, unselfishness, caring, patience, need and just plain loving one another. Their very presence transcends politics, religion, ethnic background, marital status, sexism, even smokers vs non-smokers.

Maybe, like the yacht, the volunteer was a luxury. And luxuries are too often taken for granted. One has to wonder.

Did we, as a nation, remember to say to the volunteers, "Thank you for our symphony hall. Thank you for the six dialysis machines. Thank you for sitting up with a 16year-old who overdosed and begged to die. Thank you for the hot chocolate at the Scout meeting. Thanks for reading to the blind. Thanks for using your station wagon to transport a group of strangers to a ball game. Thanks for knocking on doors in the rain. Thanks for hugging the winners of the Special Olympics. Thanks for pushing the wheelchair into the sun. Thanks for being."

Did the media stand by them when they needed a boost?

Did the professionals make it a point to tell them they did a good job?

Did the recipients of their time and talent ever express their gratitude?

It frightens me, somehow, to imagine what the world will be like without them. —Erma Bombeck (with thanks to the newsletter of St Luke's, Wenatchee, Diocese of Spokane)

QUARTER WATCH

Large paintings of two bishops prominent in Episcopal Church history will keep company with a Papal Nuncio in a colorful exhibition, "American Portraiture in the Grand Manner, 1720-1920," opening on 17 Nov and running through 31 Jan at Los Angeles Museum of Art (home of The Baptism, the huge Victorian scene featured in TAD's Eastertide issue, drawing considerable reader interest as reported in TAD for Michaelmas '81). The older is a 5'x81/2' canvas of the I Bishop of North Carolina, John Ravenscroft (1823-30) loaned by St Mary's College, Raleigh, founded in 1842 in the see city. The second, almost as large, is a dramatic portrayal of the VII Bishop of New York, Henry Potter (1887-1908), and was loaned by the New York Historical Society. By coincidence, the Nuncio's half dozen years in Washington (1896-1902) were a part of Bishop Potter's 21-year episcopate. (The second appointed to the US

Flushed with success, the highly

given to the Moore family.

by the Vatican, he held the title of

Cardinal Archbishop of Ephesus.)
The museum has been unable to

locate a portrait of the II Bishop of

Virginia, Richard Channing Moore

(1814-41), which once hung at

General Seminary and was later

proper proprietors of the souvenir shop at London's Victoria and Albert Museum report that it is selling 3,000 cards a year of a 1904 toilet; running closely behind with 2,500 sales is one of Constable's paintings of Salisbury Cathedral.

¶ The new computer at the West Park, N Y, mother house of the Order of the Holy Cross is called Jerome in honor of the saint (commemoration day: 30 Sep) whose scriptural translations and commentaries helped early Christians to share their life in Christ.

A controversy swirls round the weathered square tower of St Martin's, Bladon, Diocese of Oxford, where the Rector says the four crumbling pinnacles should be removed while a laywoman contends that they're part of a national shrine. The Times of London pictures the two talking smilingly, at least for the moment, among the churchyard's topsy-turvey gravestones. Nearby, Sir Winston Churchill sleeps beneath a simple stone slab a few steps from the street and not far from Marlborough, his stately ancestral home and birthplace.

¶ Inspired by The Elephant Man, hit Broadway play in which a grotesquely deformed man creates the model of a cathedral, Genevieve Rindner of Tinton Falls Diocese of New Jersey, has built ar exact replica of nearby Christ Church, Shrewsbury, scaled ¾" to

he foot. Close-up photographs of handeliers, stained-glass windows and Sam Zeigler needlepoint are lmost indistinguishable from 'the real thing'; the building will be on permanent exhibit in the own's new historical museum of which the Rector of Shrewsbury is reasurer.

A Welsh choirboy whose devoion to his Sunday duty cost him his job as a paperboy is being subidized in the amount he formerly arned throwing papers by an unonymous benefactor until he inds another job. "I believe his trength of commitment deserves ecognition," said the donor.

The Society of Mary, formed in 1931 from the 1880, Madras-born Confronternity of Our Lady (the irst Marian society in the Church of England) and the 1902 League of Our Lady, celebrated its golden ubilee this spring at St Alban's, Holborn, Diocese of London.

It was really a milestone— the ,000th block of Indiana limestone ut recently at New York's Cathelral Church of St John the Divine. When work was at last resumed in une 1979 on the massive front allery and towers, the Cathedral ejected machine-cut stones from a uarry in favor of having each of the 1,350 pound blocks cut by and by a master builder and master mason from England working with a dozen apprentices. A otal of 22,000 stones will be

needed but erection of the towers can start when two-thirds of the stone has been cut. Target date: 1983.

A 17th century Neapolitan painting, The Visit of the Virgin Mary to Her Cousin Elizabeth, will be left in place above the altar of London's Sutton Hospital for elderly Gentlemen as the first work of art to come under protection of the new National Heritage Act that provides for such treasures to be accepted in lieu of estate duty if not removed from their locations. Established in 1611 for 80 old gentlemen and 40 scholars, Sutton's is a dual foundation with Charterhouse, the public school at Doalming.

¶ Heights House, a 10-story high rise project of four neighborhood Houston churches — St Andrew's Episcopal, Heights Presbyterian, Heights Christian and All Saints' Roman Catholic— is now open to those 62+ and for the handicapped. Its predecessor, Houston Heights Tower, opened six years ago, which fact was duly reported in IIITAD75.

¶ University of Minnesota Medical School recently followed requirements that physicians must confer degrees on new physicians, but made a happy exception to permit the Bishop of Nebraska, wearing the hood of a Seabury-Western doctorate, to confer the traditional green hood on his son, David.

(Continued from inside front cover)

person of "the Word made flesh" lives on in His own words proclaimed from the altar and in all that is written about Him.

Hillspeak has a part in that precious process, a significant part we would like to think. Thirty years ago at this time the idea of an Episcopal Book Club was taking shape in the mind of the Father Founder. (It was started in 1953, TAD followed in 1958.) Therefore, the idea that a library honors his pioneering work is singularly appropriate. Some generous contributions have been received since announcement of his retirement in April, 1980. However, it does not seem wise to construct a separate building since that would remove our library from ready research by our editors - it is, in the Father Founder's own words, a working library. We are daily perusing its shelves in our manifold and happy editorial chores for TAD and EBC. Moreover, we are not looking for any more roofs to keep in repair. The best idea seems to be to relocate the library in the loft of our big red barn. It has already been cleared for that purpose. What is needed is money for moving both the burgeoning working library and some 8,000 books of Operation Pass Along - the Hillspeak project that through the years has absorbed many personal and institutional libraries and, in turn, passed along books (27,000 at the latest reckoning) to scholars and students throughout the world. Money is needed for shelving, lighting, carpentry, insulation and cataloging. (Three systems have been begun, none finished, but we know a Benedictine monk who might do a superb job in bringing it to completion if we only had the money for his keep - and a reserve for at least a part-time librarian.)

That is one dream – a grand and flourishing library as a living memorial to the Father Founder who loved books above all things.

A more pressing dream, sometimes a nightmare, is just meeting the current expenses of what we call the Trinity of the Three P's — Printing, Production and Postage. It is a trio of necessities that seems constantly on the rise as we prepare the bi-monthly editions of TAD. It may be "the little magazine," as it's always been called, but the expenses aren't little. Typesetting is costly, printing and binding is even costlier, postage is out of sight! And just recently Hillspeak has received its new zip code number — 72632-9705. It means eventually, of course, not only changing our own number on

everything we use but adding four more digits for all our American readers (some 92,000 active addresses). The cost in clerical work and actual replacement of stencil addresses is going to be staggering. We do not protest: if it speeds up delivery of the mails it automatically speeds our spreading of The Word and that is our major concern. Nonetheless, our concern about expenses often puts the dollar sign in our thoughts where the Sign of the Cross ought to be.

What we really need, of course, and have needed for ages, is a computer. The implementation of the new zip codes would be an ideal time for its long overdue introduction at Hillspeak. A sparkling computer dropped by divine helicopter — that is our

vision of glory!

Money for a library, for a computer, for daily operating expenses and payroll — these are the constant concerns which, materialistic as they are, we continue to bring before God in our daily prayers in

EBC's CHRISTMAS BOOKS

THE Book Club's Winter selection is Fearfully and Wonderfully Made, by Paul Brand and Philip Yancey, which will be described more fully in the Advent issue of TAD. Also, EBC members, as of 1 December, will be given an opportunity to buy Linda Ching Sledge's beautiful Shivering Babe, Victorious Lord: The Nativity in Poetry and Art. The 8x10, 190-page book is lavishly illustrated with classic portraiture and is available to Book Club members only for \$12.50 (publisher's price \$24.95). Orders are being accepted now for delivery upon publication.

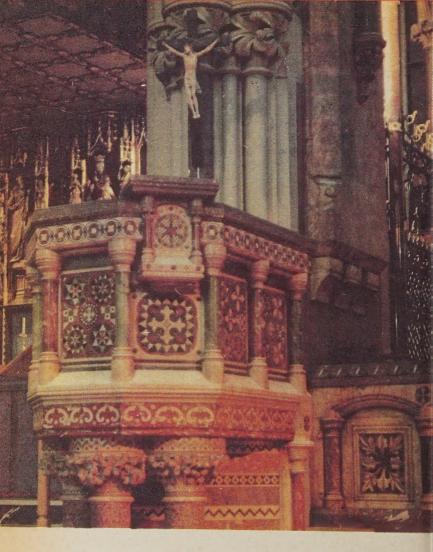
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chapel. Our readers through the years — and all our new readers as well— have been so generous. There have been some sizable gifts, God bless! But it is the steady, self-sacrificing, loving dollar here and dollar there — better fives and tens! — that keep us going. And we are going: we are better read and more widely accepted and understood and absorbed than ever before. The offering of the faithful, large and small, is what makes it all possible.

As you pray for Hillspeak's solvency, pray too for the Ministry of the Printed Word that is inseparable from it. Pray that good articles that need reprinting will come our way for TAD and that will find really fine books for EBC. Such are the constant concerns shared

with you by

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